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P. J. GREENSTREET, EDITOR

VOL. I. No. 36

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1881.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

We have read with much interest a very masterly letter from Mr. Joseph Nelson, London, Eng., the father of Mr. Nelson, of Whitewood, from whom the writer got the greater part of his information, upon the all important subject of a new route to the Pacific through British Territory, addressed to the Editor of "Fairplay," an English publication devoted to Shipping, Harbours and docks, Insurance, ship building, marine and engineering. As the Manitoba Free Press says "Mr. Nelson has been busying himself in keeping the Hudson Bay railway project fresh in the minds of the London journals," for many letters over his signature have lately appeared in English papers of good standing, notably in the "Westminster Review," "Fairplay" and the "North British Daily Mail," also in the "Financial Times." In a letter to the author of these articles, the Hon. T. M. Daly, Minister of the Interior, says "I must add my testimony to the many others you appear to have received; for it (article to the Westminster "Review") is one of the best papers I have yet seen regarding the North West, and I have read it with much pleasure. Contributions of this kind to leading British Magazines cannot fail to bring our Dominion into prominent notice, and are calculated to do us much good."

"I was quite pleased with your letter in the "North British Daily Mail" as the subject is one in which I have heretofore taken a good deal of interest, especially during my recent tour through Manitoba and the North West Territories, when I was approached by several delegations composed of gentlemen representing live stock interests. I am sure whenever an opportunity presents itself you will continue to use your best efforts on behalf of our country." In speaking of an article in the "Financial Times" containing a report of the Canada North West Land Company's meeting Mr. Daly says, "I note your observations in regard to this article, and your views generally respecting the H. B. route. I may say I cordially agree in the opinion you express in this relation; and a peaking for myself no one has been more anxious than I to see this road an accomplished fact; I think it could give to our North West trade an impetus, and produce results such as could not fail to be of the utmost benefit to that country and Canada as a whole."

Mr. Nelson has amongst other letters of communication received one from the Marquis of Dufferin, British Ambassador to France, in which he mentions certain assurances from the officers of the Hudson Bay Company that the ice will prove no impediment to the working of the project, and stating these opinions prove correct, the advantages of the plan seem obvious.

In reply to Mr. Nelson's letter in "Fairplay," Mr. John W. Clarke, of Westwood Park, Forest Hill, London, says:

"I have condensed the following facts from relatives settled near Prince Albert, viz., that millions of tons of valuable feeding grasses are annually burnt. Our beans and barley are not worth growing except for local consumption, wheat production—taking the price in Europe—leaves but little profit, and then only from farmers advantageously situated. Cattle are deterred by the length of land carriage of over 2,000 miles by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Montréal, whereas by the proposed line to Hudson Bay (300 miles) there will be a corresponding reduction in the deterioration and cost of conveyance. When the new route via Hudson Bay is carried out the prosperity of the Northwest Territories will be assured, and will take leaps and bounds, and the reduction of freight by the new route will at least be 50 percent, and tend to cause a greater area of land to be brought into cultivation at a profit to the farmer. There will also

be an immense increase of population, not only from Europe but also from the United States. It is impossible in a letter to estimate the supreme importance of the advantage to be derived from the new route to the shipping and other interests of the United Kingdom. The settlers in the Northwest Territories will extend their sincere thanks to Mr. Nelson, who has so ably called attention through Fairplay to this very important subject."

The Free Press of June 9th, after quoting the above from Mr. Clarke's letter goes on to show that there is opposition to the H. B. route in Canada, as Mr. Clarke would be surprised to hear; Montreal and Toronto see a certain amount of trade lost to Eastern Canada. "In our own province personal animosity and political exigencies are great above the public good." To the people of the Northwest, whose single anxiety is to promote the welfare of the country, it is a gratification to know that there are friends in England like Mr. Nelson and Mr. Clarke who have made a study of our necessities and are willing to aid in relieving them.

HOME CURED BACON GETS THERE.

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In connection with this subject, it may be stated that the large summer packing house being established in Winnipeg by J. Y. Griffin & Co., will be completed about the middle of July, when the firm will be in the market for all the live hogs that are offered.—Commercial.

A NOVEL ENGINEERING FEAT.

MOVING THE NORMANDY FLATS.

Probably the greatest engineering feat that has ever been undertaken in the way of house moving is now in progress on the west side. It is the removal of a granite and brick building weighing about 15,000 tons, a distance of 350 feet, to clear the right of way of the Metropolitan Elevated road.

The building formerly stood at 110 1/2 Laffin. It is a three-story structure, with a gray granite front, and has fourteen flats of eight rooms each, and a total of 112 rooms. It was built in the Normandy apartment building. The Metropolitan L. & G. Co. paid \$63,000 for the property, and it is estimated that it will cost \$20,000 to move the building. It originally cost \$1,000, and was the property of Jas. Demsey. The dimensions of the building are 91 by 81 feet.

The work has now been under way for four weeks, and it will require about four weeks more to complete the undertaking. Many of the prominent engineers of this and other countries have inspected the work and the manner in which it is being done. The residents of the vicinity manifest the deepest interest in the mass of granite, brick and mortar, and there is at all times a goodly delegation on the streets in front watching the workmen.

Everything is done methodically. There is no hurry or bustle and shouting of orders. Each man has his place and orders, and the latest card, implicitly obeyed. This is absolutely necessary to guard against twisting or wrecking the entire structure. The work is at all times under the eye of an engineer who sees to it that the travellers are perfectly level and that the weight on all other rollers beneath the great surface is at all times the same. To accomplish this in some instances pieces of cardboard were used in the leveling process.

An average of twenty feet a day is the progress being made at present. The motive power is twelve eight-foot rams placed against the front of the building and stayed with huge chains. Each ram is looked after by one man, and the positions are not changed until seven feet have been travelled. The men turn together, and in this manner the building is kept square.

To raise the structure 200 feet a day requires nearly as many rollers as now beneath it. The frame work on which it rests is composed of 200,000 cubic feet of lumber. So far there is not a crack in the building, and not a single window-light has been broken. The Metropolitan company has purchased a lot on Van Buren street, adjoining the Laffin street property, on which the building will be placed. A substantial stone foundation is already nearly completed for its reception. The railroad owns a number of other large brick buildings which will be moved in a like manner.

The company has completed the erection of three blocks of its line west of Pauline street. The work has been slow because of the necessity of building the first section by hand. A "traveller" will enable the work to be carried on hereafter much more rapidly. The foundations are laid between Pauline and 38th streets.

When the new route via Hudson Bay is carried out the prosperity of the Northwest Territories will be assured, and will take leaps and bounds, and the reduction of freight by the new route will at least be 50 percent, and tend to cause a greater area of land to be brought into cultivation at a profit to the farmer. There will also

THOMAS & MOWAT

GENERAL MERCHANTS

DRY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES.

JOHN H. AGNEW.

BARRISTER & C. OFFICE NELSON

Street, Virden, Manitoba.

R. A. McLoughry.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Toronto Co.

Elkhorn, Man.

A. E. ASPINWALL.

LATHER AND SHINGER.

Agent for

E. O. Graham's Nursery, Brandon Steam

Lands, Elkhorn District Advocate.

Violin Lessons given. Terms Moderate.

JOHN HUME.

Contractor and Carpenter.

Contract taken for all kinds of

Buildings, either in Town or

Country.

JOHN HUME, RICHILL AVENUE

Virden Green-house

Cabbage, Tomato, Cauliflower, Celery,

All kinds of

Bedding plants,

Flowers, &c. for sale.

J. Hazlewood,

PROPRIETOR.

Virden Roller Mills.

RUNNING EVERY DAY.

Bring your Gristing before the Busy Season sets in.

Forty lbs. of Flour per bushel of No. 1 Hard, and 18 lbs. of Feed.

FIRST CLASS FLOUR GUARANTEED

Hoester & Son.

Ask for Quotations for Flour, Bran, and Shorts.

Indian home TRADES.

CARPENTER.

Repairs of Buggies, Buckboards, Carts, Wagons, Carts, Farm machinery, or implements of any kind promptly attended to.

Window frames, Door frames or other house work made to order on the shortest notice.

Painting, paper hanging, sign writing.

Contracts taken for the erection of buildings in town.

Orders promptly attended to; satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN SIMINGTON, FOREMAN.

TAILORING.

done in all its branches.

Gentlemen's suits made to order.

Over 500 pieces in stock.

Good fit and good workmanship

GUARANTEED.

Clothes repaired, cleaned and pressed.

New Shop, [opposite Cavanagh Hotel.]

N. B. Parties bringing their OWN MATERIAL

can have same made up to order.

JOHN FREESTON, FOREMAN.

SHOEMAKER.

(opposite Cavanagh Hotel.)

BOOTS AND

shoes

Made to order; also mended and

REPAIRED.

Lowest possible living price.

Material and workmanship second to

none.

J. R. DUKE, FOREMAN.

Groceries, Drugs, Stationery and Crockery.

TWEEDS & OVERALLS.

BOYS CLOTHING.

ROADLEY'S BLOCK, ELKHORN

SOMERVILLE & CO. BARBER SHOP!

MANUFACTURERS OF MONUMENTAL WORK.

CEMETERY FENCING, WOOD AND GRANITE MANTELS.

Workshop and Office on Rosser Avenue.

BRANDON, MAN.

W. C. STEWART, TRAVELER.

HOPPS' LIVERY, FEED & SALE

STABLE!

Running in connection

WITH THE

Cavanagh Hotel.

particular attention given to the Requirements of Commercial Travellers.

HORSEMEN requiring Stable room will receive

EVERY ATTENTION and care.

It is my purpose, as soon as Spring opens to put in a new stock

CAR-RIAGES AND RIGS,

W. HOPPS, ELKHORN.

OCEAN STEAM SHIPS.

ROYAL MAIL LINE.

Cheapest and Quickest Route to the Old Country.

FROM MONTREAL.

Lake Winnipeg, June 14th

Lake Superior, June 21st

Montreal, June 28th

Sarnia, July 1st

Labrador, July 1st

Vancouver, July 1st

Victoria, July 1st

Numidian, July 8th

L'Anse, July 1st

Parisian, June 21st

Montreal, June 17th

Germany, June 7th

Mazestic, June 14th

Britannic, June 21st

Tentonic, June 28th

Aurania, July 1st

Eururia, June 10th

Campagna, June 17th

Serbia, July 8th

Berlin, July 15th

New York, July 17th

Cabin, \$



As he lay, he struggled with something in the water, and at last, with an effort which almost capsized the boat, pulled it in. Matt looked now, and saw that it was a small, flat wooden trunk, covered with pieces of slimy weed. Floating near it were several pieces of splintered wood which seemed to have floated past it a long time. These, too, William secured and threw down on the deckboard beneath him.

"It's a box, that's what it is," cried Matt.

"It's a box, surely," said Jones, and it's locked, too. And, look ye now, I misdoubt there's nowt inside, or mayhap it would have sunk. However, we'll see."

After an unavailing effort to force it open with his hands, he drew forth a large clasp-knife, worked away at the lock, and tried to force open the lid, which soon yielded to his efforts, as the action of the salt water had been to give up that wood. On being thus opened, the box was found to contain only a couple of coarse linen shirts, an old newspaper, two or three biscuits and half a bottle of some dark fluid.

After examining these articles one by one, William Jones threw them back into the water, and, tortured with disgust, remained only the bottle, which he uncorked and applied to his lips.

"Run!" he said, smacking his lips and nodding at Matt. Then, recorking the bottle carefully, he returned it to the sea, and, standing up, reconnoitred the sea on every side. But nothing else remained to him but to lie down, half-sunk in the stern of the boat, and ordered Matt to pull back to shore.

As they went he closed one eye thoughtfully and mused aloud:

"Night before last I heaved half a gale from the southward. This here box came away from the east coast of Ireland. Maybe it was a bit shipwrecked, lost, then plank was part of a vessel's long-boat. More's coming if the wind don't come up from the nor'ard. The moon's full to-night and to-morrow I'll tell the old 'un, and keep a sharp lookout off the Calderon Point."

It was not long, really till they came within a quarter of a mile of the shore, when William Jones stood up again and reconnoitred the prospect inland.

"Pull in, Matt," he said, after a minute. "All's square."

Soon afterwards the boat reached the rocks. William Jones sprang out, and running to the water, he took another survey. This being satisfactory, he ran down again and lifted the box out of the boat, carrying it with ease under one arm.

"Make the boat fast," he said, in a husky whisper; "and bring them b'its' wood, and what you got for me. I'll come to the cotton with this here. It ain't much, but it's summ'at; we'll carry it clean o' sight before them precious coast-guards come smelling about."

With these words he clambered up the rocks with his burden, leaving Matt to follow leisurely in the wake.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUDES WITH A KISS.

Not far from the spot where William Jones had landed, and removed some little distance from the deserted village, with its desolate mud-huts and roofless houses, there stood a small, isolated cottage, quite as black and forbidding looking as any of the abandoned dwellings in its vicinity. It was built of stone and roofed with slate, but the doorway was composed of old ship's timber, and the one small window it contained had originally formed the stern of a small boat.

The door was placed, like a sign, the wooden figure-head of a young woman, naked to the waist, holding a mirror in her hand and regarding herself with remarkable complacency, despite the fact that accident had deprived her of a nose and one eye, and that, of course, she had a complexion jet-black hair she had once possessed had been entirely washed away by the action of the elements, leaving her all over a leprosy pallor. The rest of the building, as I have suggested, was of sinister blackness, though here and there, I was apprised, there were sea-salts. And, too, sprawled on every side, covered a small patch originally meant for a garden, and drifting thickly up to the very door.

To this cottage William Jones ran with his treasure-trove, and, entering without ceremony, found himself allmost total darkness, for the light which crept through the blacked panel of the narrow doorway was only just sufficient to make darkness visible. But this worthy seaside character, having, in addition to a cat's predatory instincts, something of a cat's power of vision, clearly discerned everything in the chamber he just entered—a rude, stumped kitchen, a few fishing implements, a few coarse black rafters overhead, from which suspended smoky lean pieces of bacon; a couple of wooden chairs, a table, and, in one corner, a sort of bed in the wall, where a human figure was reposing. Setting down the trunk he marched right over to the bed and unmercifully shook the unmercifully. Upon it, whom he discovered to be a man, muttering in a heavy sleep. Finding that he did not wake with shaking, William Jones bent down and cried lustily in his ear.

"Wreck! wreck! sabote!" The figure reeled to his bed, disclosed the human and shoulders of a very old man, who wore a red cotton nightcap, and whose hair and beard were as white as snow.

"Eh? Wheer! Wheer!" he cried, in a shrill treble, looking vacantly around him.

"Wake up, old 'un!" calling him and shaking him again. "It's me, William Jones."

"William! Is it my son William?" returned the old man, peering out into the darkness.

"Yes, father. Look ye now, you was a-tallin' again in your sleep, you was. A good thing now, you but you was. William! Some o' them devils will be lettin' summ'at out, you will, if you go on like this."

The old man shook his head feebly, then, clasping his hands together in a kind of rapture, he looked at his son and

said:

"Yes, William, I was a-dreamin'. Oh, it was dark, and everythin' I was standin' on the shore, William, and it was a-blowing hard from the east, and all at once I see a ship as big as an Indian, come in wi' all sail set, and go ashore; and I looked round, William dear, and there was one high but you and me; and when she broke up I see she was all broken up, and she was like just like floating weeds, and the drowned, every one of 'em, had rings on their fingers and gold watches and chains, and more's that, their hands were full of shining gold; and one on her lady, William, had a bright diamond, and when she broke up, when I tried to pull it off, it wouldn't come, and just as I pulled out my little knife to cut the finger off, and put it in my pocket, you shock me, William, and woke me up. Oh, it was a heavily dream!"

William Jones had listened with ill-disposed interest to the early part of this speech, but, on its conclusion, gave another grunt of undissembled disgust.

"Well, you're awake now, old 'un; so

jump up. I've brought summ'at home. Look sharp, and get a light."

The old man, who was fully dressed, in a pair of old woollen trousers and a guernsey, slipped from the bed and began fumbling about the room. Soon found what he wanted—a box of matches and a rude home-made candle, fashioned of a long, coarse thread, with a feeble flame, he informed the old man of what he had found. In a moment the latter was down on his knees, opening the box and greedily examining its contents. But William pushed him impatiently away, and closed the lid with a snap.

"Here, give 'em to me," said William. "You're wastin' them matches just as if they cost nowt. A precious father you are, and a bad one, I'll tell you."

The candle being lighted and burning with a feeble flame, he informed the old man of what he had found. In a moment the latter was down on his knees, opening the box and greedily examining its contents. But William pushed him impatiently away, and closed the lid with a snap.

"There's enough o' that, old 'un! You had the light while I carry the box in and put it away."

"All right, William, dear—all right," returned the old man, obeying gleefully.

"I know'd we should have luck, by that candle, I mean," he said. "The two men—one holding the light and the other carrying the trunk—passed through a door at the back of the kitchen and entered an inner chamber. This chamber, too, contained a window, which was now blocked up, however, by lumber of all kinds, little or no daylight entered. Piled in great masses were old sacks; some empty, some coils of rope, broken oars, broken fragments of ships' planks, rotten and barnacled, a small boat's rudder, dirty sails, several oilskin coats, bits of iron ballast, and other floated and jettisoned, which the chamber was a sort of floating receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends.

"It's summ'at, but it ain't much," he muttered, discontentedly. "Lucky them coast guards didn't see me come ashore, though it was a bit of a risk."

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William Jones had done a few hours before.

"Where have you been to-day?" he said. "To have had a good time?"

"I was a-hunting and was a-hunting," said Monk. "I was a-hunting and was a-hunting."

"What's locked up—my memory or your face?"

"It was clear Matt could not appreciate the question, and seeing that he was laughing at her, she grew black and motionless. She would have sunk off, but his voice stopped her.

"Come here, Matt," he said. "Don't be silly, chid me—tell me what's the matter. What's become of you?"

"I'm not a bit ill," said Matt. "I'm not a bit ill," said Matt. "I'm not a bit ill," said Matt.

"What's the difference?" said the man. "What's the difference?" said the man.

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"Perhaps, now you have come, you'll be good enough to step round that I may continue my work. I am longing to draw on my memory with a sight of your face, Matt."

"Well, you can't," said Matt. "They're locked up."

"Eh—what's locked up—my memory or your face?"

"It was curious, I have to say, but he was laughing at her, and she grew black and motionless. She would have sunk off, but his voice stopped her.

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